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## Seeing into souls.



souls

heartbreak

whatdidieverdotoyou?

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### Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

A young girl walked through a grand archway into her master's bedroom. "Sir?" A boy of about 16 years of age looked at her solemnly.

"Yes Lorraine?" He muttered

"Mary-Anne says the Injection is ready."

"Is that so? Well, I guess I will need a victim to test on."

"Yes Sir, who do you wish the victim to be?"

"My brother..."

"But Sir! Why! Is that not horrid of you or are your eyes too shattered to see the true cruelty in that decision?! Yes he is a brat but he does not deserve this kind of suffering! No one does!"

"Do you defy me Lorraine?" The boy asked calmly, looking at the girl.

"No Sir but what you are doing is without doubt truly terrible."

"I don't care, I just want him gone!"

"Yes Sir, I completely understand. Your words shall become."

Lorraine crept silently into the bedroom of her master's brother, Latisna. He lay asleep in bed, his untameable red hair hiding his face. She leaned over his limp body and raised her hand to his

neck. She brushed away his hair, revealing his pale face. *He looks so peaceful,* she thought. He sighed and raised a small syringe.

The boy awoke and sat up. *He looks so peaceful,* she thought. He bowed and looked into his deep emerald eyes, they were so bright and

"I am following an order given to me by your brother..."

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"What did you just inject me with?"

"A mixture that will give you the ability to see people's true feelings about you..."

"That doesn't sound so ba-" His eyes widened as he found himself looking into the soul of the servant girl. **Brat. Arrogant. Selfish.**

"Lorraine? H-how could y-you?"

"I'm sorry Mr Lotus but it was your brothers order."

"Why?!"

Latisna Lotus sat miserably at the dining table. He looked down at his food and avoided making eye contact with his family. Every time he looked up he would be looking into the souls of the ones he thought he loved. His father. His mother. His nursemaid Jose. His sister, Saharin. Their true feeling shone through, blinding him.

"Latisna, Dieviel, Saharin. How did you all sleep?" His father asked this question every morning at breakfast. Every day the answers were the same. Latisna's traitor brother, Dieviel, would begin:

"Why father I slept wonderfully!"

Saharin would speak next:

"I slept like a baby father!"

Then was Latisna's turn, but of course, today was different. He looked at his food and mumbled in an incomprehensible language:

"Nhat ah whinek fadher..."

"What?" His father looked at him confused. "I can't understand you?"

Latisna looked up at his father, shaking. :Not, a, wink, father..."

"Oh, well why not?!"

"Uh... Bad dreams." Latisna looked down at his food, refraining from bursting into tears. **Brat. So Difficult. Hopeless. Weak. Slow. Selfish. He's heartless.** Out of all the phrases there was one that he could not stand: **Will never be as good as Dieviel...** Latisna looked at Dieviel sadly. Dieviel smirked back at him, an evil look in his eyes.

"What did I ever do to you?" He mouthed.

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